

I walk by

the kids from Germantown Friends School  
in their ragbag jeans and sweatshirts,  
private-school assured. I grew up

in New Haven, much shyer, where  
Yankees looked down

a long, long nose at  
Irish and Italians--

"Harps and Ghinnies" in that time's  
idiom--meaning

"Steer right you little  
proletarian bastards!"